

THE
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Bethel Dedication.
Portland, Maine.

Wednesday, May 22, 1850, is a day long to be remembered by the friends of the sailor in the State of Maine; for on that day the Bethel flag was again hoisted, after an interval of many years, over a house of prayer, for the tempest-tanned, weather-beaten mariner. The flag then thrown to the breeze, invited the people to gather together for the dedication of the house to the worship of the Triune God.

The day and the occasion so long looked for, with hearts now hopeful, now desponding, but, I trust, ever prayerful, had come.

Providence smiled on the season, as the weather became unexpectedly fine after a storm, and continued so but for a brief time after the services were over.

The public interest was evinced by a very large collection of people, insomuch that the aisles as well as the pews were filled, and some left the house for want of accommodations.

I was pleased to observe so large and respectable a representation of the sailor, ship-master and merchant, and also to see there so many clergymen of different denominations, giving evidence, by their presence of their interest in this Catholic enterprise. My heart was touched at the sight of many old mothers in Israel, (and mothers of sailors too) taking their seats, at a very early hour in the house, whom

I have seen in former years in the old Bethel. How their hearts must have swelled with gratitude to God for the unwonted privilege, and how happy in the anticipation of now enjoying, statedly, the ministrations of the Gospel?

The following were the order of exercises on the occasion:

Chant; Invocation by Father Taylor, of the Methodist Church; Reading of Scripture, by Rev. D. M. Mitchell, City Missionary; Selected Hymn; Prayer by Rev. J. S. Eaton, of the Free St. Baptist Church; Original Hymn, written by Rev. Isaac Weston; Sermon, by Rev. J. W. Chickering; Dedictory Prayer by Rev. G. W. Bourne, Seamen's Preacher in Boston; Anthem; Benediction by Father Taylor.

The original hymn, by Mr. Weston, I subjoin.

Of the services it may be sufficient to say that they were all very appropriate, and commanded the close and unwearied attention of the large audience to the close.

The sermon was from the text, Isaiah 56—6, 7. I wish I had it in my power to furnish you with extracts from this timely production of one who has been an earnest, constant and indefatigable friend of the sailor's cause. I should do injustice to my own feelings if I omitted to say, in this connection, that to the efforts of Rev. J. W. Chickering, as much, if not more than, of any other person, the sailors are indebted for the finishing of the Be-

thel. Hopeful in discouragement—patient in overcoming obstacles—prudent in counsel—prompt in action—the Trustees, and those who were engaged in the undertaking at an earlier date, and under different organizations, have found him an invaluable helper.

The presence of Rev. Mr. Bourne from Boston, was pleasing to his old hearers. His interest in the cause of seamen is well known, and what he has done towards obtaining subscriptions for the new Bethel is also familiar to the public.

But I have not time to say all I want to about the occasion and the men.

In closing, I wish to ask, shall a chaplain be sustained permanently in our new and beautiful church? This is the question for the *churches of Maine* to answer; not the churches in Portland only. It is not a city institution, although built mostly by city subscription. It is in the language of the text from which the sermon was preached, “a house of prayer for the sons of the stranger,” and strangers will mostly worship there. These we invite, and will welcome, with all our heart to the Bethel; for the support of their preacher, we will gladly contribute, but can we not most appropriately ask our sister churches to contribute also? Let the churches out of the city bear only their due proportion of this noble object, and we engage that in our good city,

“The Bethel light no more shall wane,
But like a friendly star, to save,
Shall send its ray across the wave.”

A SON OF A SAILOR.

PORTLAND, May 27, 1850.

Original Hymn.

BY REV. I. WESTON.

SAILOR! thy night of gloom is gone.
Wake loud the song of Jubilee;
See this thy temple and thy home,
We dedicate to God and thee.

Now Ocean's son, when thou art far,
And dying hopes grow fainter still;
When all around the death-notes are,
This Light thy darkness shall dispel.

The sailor's “watch on deck” shall share
Our vesper hymn—the evening prayer—
On bounding billows, foaming, wild,
God shall protect his Ocean child.

Here will the land'sman oft repair,
To join the melody of prayer;
And when thy peril'd voyage shall end,
Here, welcome, by each sailor's friend.

Go to thy brethren, all—proclaim,
The Bethel light no more shall wane;
But like a friendly star, to save,
Shall send its ray across the wave.

O'er the wide sea the tidings break,
And songs in Heaven and Earth awake,
That now salvation's flag waves high,
The motto “Sailor! will you die?”

Christian Mirror.

For the Sailor's Magazine.

Advance Wages.

SIPPICAN, May 28, 1850.

DR. SIR:—Some inquiries which I saw in one of your numbers some two or three months ago, led me to the consideration, whether the paying advanced wages to seamen in the merchant service, could be discontinued, without injury to any party concerned, and to *their* particular advantage. I have finally come to the conclusion, that however it may be in other ports of the United States, so far as Boston and New York are interested, it would not be a measure of wisdom. My conclusions are based upon some few facts which I will name. For instance—In these two ports sailors are under the strongest moral influences, probably, of any ports in the world; they consequently assume their best outside appearance, and are not as often found in brawls, and in the gutter, as in any other ports with which I have been familiar; and, in consequence of the moral restraints of these ports, and *their* consequent respectability, together with the provision made for their preserving their little savings, they may with much less danger to themselves, be trusted to handle their accumulations.

It is from this view that Sailor's Homes present their best features. There are some good Christian, and good moral sailors; these form the nucleus of our Homes, and serve to raise the standard of morality among their class; and, the influence is felt and appreciated. The same men, free from these restraints, and under other influences of an immoral character, do not he-

sitate often to make a public show of their shame. This is so much the case, that I should expect the same crew, who would come on board my ship in New York, perfectly sober, and get her underweigh, and go to sea from dock, to make a "pier head leap" in Liverpool: that is, to come on board when the ship was passing out between the pier heads, and probably not one of them sober.

As far as these northern ports are concerned, instead of withholding the advance pay, I am disposed to think that it would be better to give him his whole voyage in advance, or what might be better still, to contract definitely, that he should have nothing abroad, or only a stipulated small stipend.

The best means of reforming the sailor has been a matter of thought and interest with me for more than thirty years. The evil has presented itself in so many aspects, that I have been often quite at a loss how to meet it. It has seemed to me like the many-headed dragon accompanying some of the advertisements of patent medicines; its soul and centre, however, is in the recklessness of his character. We call Jack noble, and brave, and generous, and free. His virtues, as well as his vices, are the natural growth of the same soil, which will produce in luxuriance, either flowers or weeds, either briars and thorns, or the staples of life. If we were to attempt to coerce morality upon him, our labor would be lost. Few men are so restless under restraints as he is; he can hardly bear what he knows to be the necessary restraints of a single passage across the Atlantic. We must enlist his feelings, nay, move his enthusiasm, if may be, not by cutting off his former privileges, but if possible, by extending them, and when you get him heart warm in a cause, you have but to direct his energies, and you have one of the best missionaries in the world. You will reply, this has been our constant course and aim; well, "Be not weary in well doing." Innovations are seldom well receive-

ed, especially by those whom they affect by the appearance of pecuniary loss. There is yet much to be done in the old channels, and it *will* not be, as it *has not* been, without effect. Some special effort should be made to get sailors to attend Sabbath worship; ships should be furnished with libraries of instructive and amusing literature. In the present organization of our ship's companies, seamen have much leisure, and ship master's should become enough interested to hand out to them such reading matter as is appropriate to the occasion and circumstances. And among the most necessary things, it is time our lecturers on the improvement of seamen, and all others who are interested in their welfare, should discontinue the haranguing about the tyranny of their masters. In my lifetime I have reformed a number of men, and led them from vicious to virtuous courses.

There has not been an instance, where this result has been produced, in which it was not done by first winning his confidence. There is a natural jealousy between the fore-castle and cabin, which, perhaps, will never be entirely done away, but, I am persuaded, that with the class of masters of the present day, there is no need of cultivating it by long speeches about the generosity of the one, and the tyranny of the other, either of which have more of poetry in them than reality. But to return to advances. Give Jack his money in those places where he makes the best use of it; and correct his bad habits by the same appliances which are used on other men. Your's, N. B.

A CHILD'S PRAYER FOR THE HEATHEN.—"O God, take pity on the poor little heathen, send them thy Word and give them new hearts; and when we all die, grant that we may meet them round thy throne."

Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right.—*Prov. xx. ii.*

Chaplain's Journal—Havre.

(Continued.)

Wednesday, May 27th.—Visited the boarding-house of Mde. Louis, but could only talk with the sailors as they came and went—not being able to get together a sufficient number for an address. Met with two Swedes, who seemed truly pious. One is about to leave the sea, and return to his native town. They were perpetually tormented by their ungodly shipmates on the passage, yet they did not fail to read and pray daily, together. Met also a young American so tipsy that he could with difficulty walk, but quite awake to a sense of his sin and folly. "I'm a miserable fellow," he volunteered to say. "I have no one to blame but myself. I feel *here*," putting his hand to his breast, "*that I am wrong!*"

Thursday evening, 28th.—Visited Mr. White's boarding-house, and addressed thirty sailors. Found that the crew of the *Marathon* had taken a pledge at sea, that they would abstain from the use of intoxicating drinks whilst in Havre, or connected with the ship. On Saturday evening of the past week, wine was set before them at supper, but they said, "Mr. W., you may take that away—we don't want it." I have had an eye on them since they arrived, and have not yet seen one of them out of the way. The captain and mate speak well of them. Three of this crew were formerly tipplers. One of them, a very superior man, assured me he had not been in a port before for years, without being intoxicated. That he had drank six glasses of brandy before breakfast! and that altogether he had swallowed a house full of spirits! He now says his desire for drink is eradicated, and he feels no temptation when it is before him.

Friday evening, 29th.—Visited the boarding-house of Mrs. Rhodes. Entering the court and seating myself on a bench beside some sailors, I was accosted by one, who approached with a pompous air, say-

ing, "Well, sir, I suppose you expect to convert us all here, to-night eh?" "Oh, no, my dear fellow, I expect no such thing—I know you too well for that! But if I can give you a little good advice, I shall have no objection to speak an hour with you." "Very well, sir, we shall be happy to hear it." I found it difficult to assemble the sailors, as the crews came at different times to their suppers. However, I prevailed on about twenty to enter the large dining hall, and wait until the others had nearly finished supper, when a hymn was given out, which we sang, and by that innocent stratagem, quite a large audience was secured. They listened with perfect attention, and seemed truly grateful for my advice and attentions. Their promises, however, I am sorry to state, were far better than their practice has proved to be, for out of the whole hundred of them, not five were seen at church the next Sabbath!

Saturday, 30th.—Visited eight ships—conversed with several captains and mates. Also, called on three captain's families at their hotels, and on four families of the citizens. Conversed with a French lady on the duty and manner of keeping the Sabbath. Found her disposed to regard the day as strictly a sacred season. She said that her husband was faithful to the Protestant view of the Sabbath. Both desired some satisfactory arguments against the practice, which prevails extensively in France among the better sort, of *working for the poor*, on the Lord's day. I endeavored to give her such as Scripture afforded and the nature of the case demanded. The subject has been occasionally introduced into the pulpit, but many think me extreme in my views of the Sabbath, and therefore it is difficult to convince them of the truth in relation to their duty in that matter. Met in my walk to-day, a man with his little boy of about two years. The child had come out to meet his father on his return from labor. The latter enraged at the boy for some cause, or from some caprice,

seized him violently—tossed him in the air—shook and kicked him, until the poor little fellow was frightened and bruised almost to death. Many stood looking on; but without remonstrance. I waited a moment, until delay was dangerous, and until my nature could endure it no longer, but impelled me to lay hold on the monster. I gave him full permission to do what he pleased to me, but insisted that he should not again injure his child. A crowd soon gathered about us, when he broke away, and dragged his boy into a café. One of the crowd followed him, and held him fast, until his anger abated. Too happy to see the poor child safe for a season, and to be able myself to escape without further notice, I hastened away. I confess my peace principles were not very active just then.

Sabbath.—We had two good congregations. Among our countrymen were several captains and their families; some mates; some white sailors, and three pews full of stewards. We have in port, fourteen American ships. In the hospital, five men.

The following is the oath of the Marathon's crew:

We, the undersigned, crew of the ship Marathon, swear before our God, that we will refrain from drinking ardent spirits, or other intoxicating liquors, while in Havre, or attached to the ship. At sea, Sunday, May 5th, 1850.

Benj. Weeks,	Peter Smith,
Philip Sherlock,	Charles Johnston,
Joseph Wells,	Geo. Featherston,
T.J. Harrington,	Chas. Cummings,
Samuel Calder,	Anthony Harding,
Charles Patten,	Henry Traverson,
Wm. Williams,	William Powers,
Charles Henry,	John Smith,
David Elrick,	Joseph Barnett.
T. Kendrick,	

Who shall say, that in the fore-castle of the Marathon, there was not a battle as severe and decisive fought, a victory as honorably won, as were the battle and the victory in which Miltiades and his band were conquerors?

Your's truly, E. E. A.

Sloop of War Nadajin.

The Swedish sloop of war, Nadajin, is at present lying in Boston harbor, and her officers are receiving every attention at the hands of the Bostonians. The object of the visit to Boston of the first war vessel of Sweden, is not stated, but is probably explained by the following anecdote, taken from the Mail, of that city:

About twenty-five years ago, a Swedish sailor applied to Benjamin Bangs, a merchant of this city, to be employed in one of his ships, as a sailor. The man went one voyage, and on being paid off, asked to know when the ship would be ready again, as he wished to go in her.—He went the second voyage, and was so much liked by the captain, that he was taken from the fore-castle and furnished with a state-room in the cabin, by the master. This created a feeling of envy and dislike among the seamen, which resulted in challenges to fight. The Swedish sailor turned to and whipped six of the crew, one after another, when they gave in and allowed him to enjoy his quarters in peace. At the end of his voyage, he left, and was not seen again until a day or two since, when an officer, with gold epauletts and buttons, walked into Mr. Bangs' counting-room, and made himself known as the same sailor who had sailed in Mr. Bangs' employ twenty-five years ago. It was Capt. Lillichook, of the Swedish sloop of war, now lying at anchor off Sargent's wharf. He told Mr. Bangs that he came from Sweden to this country, originally, to learn his profession in the United States mercantile marine. The sequel of the story was that Mr. Bangs invited the Swedish naval commander, with all his officers, to take tea with him, which they did with apparent pleasure.—*Boston Paper.*

Faith and works are as necessary to our spiritual life as Christians, as soul and body are to our natural life as men; for faith is the soul of religion, and works the health of the body.

Labrador.

For the *eightieth* time the Lord has brought the ship employed in the service of the Moravian Mission safely across the ocean, with the needful supplies for the maintenance of the laborers. The "Harmony" was, in the providence of God, permitted to rescue, and restore to their families and homes, a number of ship-wrecked mariners, the survivors of one of the vessels lost in the Polar sea. It was the "Graham," commanded by Capt. Froud, which was just entering Hudson's Bay, when she was struck with such violence by a huge mass of ice, that she filled with water, and went down in a quarter of an hour. The crew, fifteen in number, were enabled to save themselves by the long boat and the jolly boat, with some biscuits and a box of clothing. Their only hope of safety seemed to depend on the success of an attempt to reach either York Factory, on the opposite shore of Hudson's Bay, or the settlement of Nain, on the eastern coast of Labrador. In this attempt, one of the boats, containing four men, was lost; the rest of the crew in the other, still pushed on their way, a distance of eight hundred miles, amid extreme privation, and with the loss of two men, until they approached one of the outermost islands in the Bay of Okkak, called Igloksoaktalik, where two Esquimaux approached them very cautiously in their kayaks. The sight of these strangers at first inspired alarm; but on the captain assuring his companions that their countenances were not like those of the northern savages, they ventured to approach. As soon as the Christian Esquimaux perceived the distressed condition of the people in the boat, they immediately gave them a large cod which they had caught, and invited them on shore, where four Esquimaux families had their temporary dwellings. The poor sufferers, who had not the remotest idea of the existence of a Mission on this coast, and who were still haunted with the apprehension of

being plundered, or even murdered, by the natives, did not, however, venture immediately to accept the invitation; but when at length the few that were able to walk proceeded on shore—when they heard the melodious voices of the women chanting a hymn of praise to God for their deliverance—when they afterwards saw some of them occupied in washing their clothes, and others preparing a meal of fish and seal's flesh for their refreshment—their hardy spirits were overcome, and they burst into tears. They experienced the hospitalities of the Missionaries for some weeks, after which they were brought by the "Harmony," to England, where they arrived in October last.

The reports of the spiritual progress of our Esquimaux congregations, are, on the whole, encouraging.—*Moravian "Periodical Accounts."*

Nothing is Lost.

"The drop that mingles with the flood—the sand dropped on the sea shore—the word you have spoken—will not be lost. Each will have its influence, and be felt till time shall be no more. Have you ever thought of the effect that might be produced by a single word? Drop it pleasantly among a group, and it will make a dozen happy, to return to their homes to produce the same effect on a hundred perhaps. A bad word may arouse the indignation of a whole neighborhood, it may spread like wild-fire, to produce disastrous effects. As no work is lost, be careful how you speak—speak right, speak kindly. The influence you may exert by a life of kindness—by words dropped among the young and the old—is incalculable. It will not cease when your bodies lie in the grave, but will be felt, wider and still wider as years pass away. Who then, will not exert himself for the welfare of millions?"

The principal Study pursued in a *school of whales*, is supposed to be elocution—as they are often caught spouting.

American Bethel Operations.

(From their last Report.)

A Missionary at Albany, N.Y., thus Reports:—It will no doubt be highly gratifying to the friends of the American Bethel Society, and to yourself, “so abundant in labors and in journeyings often,” in behalf of its interests, to know that the Lord is crowning the efforts of the Society, for the salvation of sailors and boatmen with success. “Cast thy bread upon the waters and thou shalt find it after many days,” is a promise full of comfort to the Bethel Missionaries. It is true in the spiritual as well as the natural world—on the canals and rivers of America as the Nile of Egypt. The truth preached from boat to boat is still made powerful by the influence of the Holy Spirit accompanying it in the mind of the sinner. There are some I am aware of the professed followers of the Lord Jesus Christ, who doubt the propriety of our Bethel operations. They tell us it is degrading to the Ministry, and rendering sacred things common, to preach on the deck of a canal boat. Be it so in their estimation. It was such a pulpit Christ occupied when he delivered his discourse, which contains the parable of the sower—that of the good seed and the tares—that of the grain of mustard seed—and that of the leaven hid in three measures of meal. It was on the shore of the Lake of Galilee that the voice of the Redeemer was first heard, saying,—“Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.” It was also from the fishing boats of the same lake that he chose four of the chief of the Apostles. Peter, Andrew, James, and John, were all once boatmen. And Christ himself, was the first of Bethel Missionaries. I might mention many of the preachers of the present time, who were once ranked among the hardy sons of the deep, but are now zealous preachers of the Word of Life. But enough of general remarks. Permit me to make a few remarks on the field where I have had the pleasure of laboring for you for the last two seasons.

Albany Basin is far too extensive a field for one Missionary. He can never hope to reach one boat out of every five which enter the harbor; excepting on the Sabbath, when with the aid of a few devoted friends of the cause from the City Bethel, every boat in the basin can be visited, and tracts left on board, with an invitation for all hands to go to the Bethel. There cannot be fewer persons connected with the various vessels in the basin every day than between three and four thousand. This multitude is like the one at Jerusalem, on the day of Pentecost, composed of people “out of every nation under heaven.”—They are not only from all nations, but embrace almost all religious creeds ever heard of. Our plan of operation on the Sabbath, was the following;—At six o’clock, in the morning, those of us who visited the boats met together in the Bethel for conference and prayer. Having implored the Divine blessing to rest upon us and upon all who were engaged in the same cause, and especially upon those among whom we purposed to spend the day, we divided the basin into districts, and went forth like the disciples, two by two, and thus strengthened each other’s hands. Having spent about two hours in visiting boats and distributing tracts, we held a meeting in some convenient place where there were a number of boats crowded together. When the bells began to ring for church, our meetings were brought to a close, and all present invited to accompany us to the Bethel. These meetings were again held in the afternoon, and frequently in the evening. There are three services in the Bethel every Sabbath. A lecture on Thursday evening, and a meeting for conference and prayer on Monday evening. At all these meetings we generally had the pleasure of meeting with some pious sailors or boatmen, and not unfrequently an anxious inquirer, asking “what he must do to be saved.” Some acknowledged they were first led to seek Christ as their Saviour, through the instru-

mentality of those engaged in the Bethel cause. One man, who had returned from sea after an absence of thirteen or fourteen years, came to one of our meetings. At the close of the services, he expressed a deep concern about the state of his soul. He was directed to look unto Jesus, who alone can relieve "the weary and heavy laden." He remained with us in the city for several weeks; attended all our meetings at the Bethel, and frequently visited me at my room, where I had an opportunity of reading some portions of the Scriptures, and praying with him. I furnished him also with a Testament, and other suitable books. Before he left us he expressed a hope that he had found peace by believing in Jesus. I had the pleasure of meeting him in a distant city about three months afterwards, and was happy to find him still enjoying peace of mind. And as far as I could learn, his conduct was consistent with the profession he had made. Did the limits of this report allow of it, I might relate several other interesting cases.

One morning, when visiting one of the stations, and after conversing with all the drivers present, supplying them with tracts, &c., a lad about fifteen years of age followed me to the door, and when out of hearing of his companions, addressed me in nearly the following words:—"Sir, I want to speak to you. I did not like to say anything to you before those wicked boys, lest they should laugh at me. I know I am a wicked boy. I ran away from my parents in the spring. They live in Milwaukee, and do not wish me to be on the canal. I feel that I have done wrong, and wish you would tell me what to do. My companion died yesterday with the cholera, and is buried on the heel-path of the canal." By this time the little fellow's face was bathed in tears. I endeavored to comfort him, and advised him to return home and confess his fault to his parents, and above all, to seek the forgiveness of his Father in Heaven. He promised to

do as I advised him, and thanked me kindly for the books and advice I had given him. On another occasion, when talking with some very bad boys in one of the stations, I observed one who seemed surprised to see me come to the stables to talk to boys on the canal about the welfare of their souls. I began to converse with him, and found that he had left home two weeks ago. He had not yet acquired the evil habits into which so many of these poor lads (most of them orphans) almost universally fall. His parents he said knew not where he was. I set before him the danger he was in of falling into wickedness if he remained in such company, and advised him to return home, as I had the one above mentioned. Being called to supply a vacant pulpit in the absence of the Pastor, in one of the neighboring villages, I was glad to meet at the dinner table of one of the most respectable families of the congregation, this little wanderer. Our former meeting in the stable was unknown to any of the family, except himself. I was afterwards informed by a friend, that every heart of that happy circle beat with joy when the "lost was found." I endeavor to send all such drivers home. For them to remain on the canal would be their ruin. There were many, however, who have no home to which they can be sent. And while we have tow-paths, and horses to drive upon them, we will have these poor lads by the thousands. They are exposed to every form of vice. The Missionary may be the means of snatching some of them from destruction; but something else must be attempted in their behalf. The present system of their boarding-houses should be altered by those who own the lines. And above all, we want some institution where they can be instructed and kept usefully employed during the winter season. Does not the good of the community at large demand such a place? No class in the State of New York demands more attention than these drivers on the canal. Who can calculate the demoralizing

influence of the six hundred drivers employed on the Erie canal alone; on the youths, with whom they associate during the winter? The longer I labor among this class of boys, the more I am convinced that something should be done for them as speedily as possible. Many of them I have supplied with Testaments, and obtained from them the promise that they abstain from using profane language and other evil practices, to which they were addicted. I have many things noted down concerning them which I cannot now mention.

OBSTACLES IN THE WAY OF THE BETHEL MISSIONARY AT ALBANY.—

The first and greatest is the violation of the Sabbath. This must be stopt. Every lock on the canal must be shut on that day. The boatmen generally desire it. And the inhabitants in every city and village, from Albany to Buffalo, should unite in petitioning the Legislature to do it immediately, and not cease until their petition is granted. How long shall thousands of boats be suffered to plough their way through the very heart of the Decalogue? The second obstacle in his way, are the low grogeries, which are planted so thickly along the dock. They are dens of iniquity in which the idle and dissipated assemble on the Sabbath. They are ever ready with their vile abuse, which is often of such a character as to make one imagine that he is traveling the regions of the damned. Why should such sinks be licensed by the city authorities, to destroy both the souls and bodies of men? There are places where the boatmen and sailors are robbed of their honest earnings, and where too many of the drivers form habits of dissipation.

ENCOURAGEMENTS TO LABOR.—

1. The co-operation of Christian brethren is truly cheering. Often when I met with a fellow disciple around the little basin, I did like Paul, when the brethren from Rome met him at "the three taverns, thank God and take courage." I cannot feel too grateful to the Christian

friends who tried to make me happy and comfortable by many acts of kindness towards me, personally. Many of them have aided me with their prayers—their counsels, and frequently accompanied me on errands of mercy to the boats.

2. The desire manifested by those among whom we labored was very encouraging. They always made us welcome—were always ready to enter into religious conversation, and were always attentive to what was said. They have often given me a minute account of their last interview with some of our Missionaries at other stations. Many of them are anxious to have religious exercises on board their boats. When traveling on board a packet boat one night, the captain came to me of his own accord, and requested me to hold a meeting before retiring for the night. Arrangements were soon made. It was a beautiful evening, and many of the passengers were on deck enjoying themselves. The captain went up and invited all to come down to meeting. Not one remained on deck, but the bowman and steersman. A more attentive company I never addressed in any church. I read the seventh chapter of Matthew's Gospel, and spoke for about half an hour. After the exercises were closed with prayer, I was surrounded by professing Christians, who came forward to shake hands with me, and to inquire into the operations of our Society. Among them I found an Episcopal clergyman from the West Indies, and several lay officers in the church, of different denominations, among them. They were surprised to think they had traveled a night and day together before this meeting, and had not discovered that they were fellow Christians. I travelled with this company two nights and one day, and during that time I never heard a profane word uttered. At table, a blessing was always asked at the request of the captain. When I left them at Rochester they expressed many a regret that I could not go with them to Buffalo. And many

a kind wish was expressed for the success of the Society, in whose service I was engaged.

But I must stop, and in taking farewell of the Society, as one of its agents, I would say, that altho' the work is laborious and self-denying, yet it is very interesting, and above all, it is a work which God owns and blesses to the salvation of souls. May the Lord still continue to smile upon you in your efforts to "sow by the side of all waters," is the fervent prayer of your missionary at Albany Basin.

Yours truly, DAVID TULLY.

A Visit to Japan.

U. S. SHIP PREBLE. }
Hong Kong, May 27th 1849.

Mr. Editor:—Sir—The following brief account of the visit of this ship to Japan, to procure the release of sixteen Americans imprisoned there may be interesting to your readers.

Commodore David Geisinger, the Commander of the United States East India squadron, in January last, received information of the imprisonment, at Nagasaki, of fifteen men, who reported themselves as the survivors of the shipwrecked crew of the American whaleship *Lagoda*, of New Bedford. The *Preble* was immediately ordered to proceed to Japan, and Captain Glynn was instructed to demand of the Japanese Government the release of the men.

We left Hong Kong on the 13th of February, to proceed on our cruise. When, however, but a few days out, having on account of a strong westerly current, made but little progress, the small-pox broke out on board, and the ship was forced to return to port. On the 7th March, when the ship was supposed free from contagion and was about to again proceed on her cruise, a second case made its appearance; which detained her until the 23d of March, when she finally sailed.

After our first return to Hong Kong, Capt. Glynn saw a copy of the *Friend*, of Dec., 1848, which contained an account of Ranald McDonald who left the American whaleship *Pymouth*, when off the Japan Islands, in June 1848, with the inten-

tion of endeavoring to learn something of that strange country and its inhabitants. This intelligence about McDonald was procured in an entirely accidental manner, and although, by inquiry we afterwards heard more concerning him, yet it is not likely but for this paper we would have known that he was in Japan, before we sailed for that port, and from our observations of the Japanese character we have good reason to believe that they themselves never would have mentioned to us the fact of McDonald being in their country. It is said that while the U. S. S. *Columbus* and *Vincennes* were at Yedo in 1846 there were seven Americans in prison in the vicinity of that place, and yet not a word was said to Com. Biddle about them.

After touching at the Loo Choo Islands, we arrived off the vicinity of Nagasaki, (on the west side of the island of Kinsiu) on the evening of the 17th April. We lay off and on that night, with the intention of running in the next morning.

On the morning of the 18th, we stood in for the harbor. As we approached the entrance we perceived several boats pulling towards us. In a short time we could see persons standing up in the two foremost waving large mats *from themselves towards us* as much as to tell us to go away or stop.—To this we paid no attention but kept steadily on. The boats then pulled directly ahead of the ship, apparently endeavoring to intimidate and stop us, but on seeing that we did not mind them, got out of the way. All the boats then pulled away, but one, which came alongside and one of the Japanese threw on board the ship three folded papers, which were stuck in the split end of a piece of a bamboo. Captain Glynn ordered the stick and papers to be thrown overboard. The boat had separated from the ship after putting the papers on board, but on seeing them thrown overboard pulled up and one of the crew immediately jumped into the water and recovered them. All the boats then put off to towards the shore, and the ship came to anchor.

The crews of these boats were almost entirely naked, and made a terrible outcry as they neared the ship. We have since learned that they reported the great haughtiness of the captain of the ship, both in refusing to stop and throwing overboard the papers.—Each boat had, in addition to a gray colored flag, a small blue one with Chinese characters upon it, which our interpreter said meant “Imperial service.”

At 1, p. m., a Japanese interpreter named Morreama Einaska, who spoke English, attended by seven other Japanese, came on board “to enquire our object in coming to Japan, and to know why we had not anchored outside the northern Carallos, as ordered by a paper which had been put on board.”

To these questions Captain Glynn replied “that he had important business with the Japanese Government, and that a paper or papers had been put on board the ship, but not considering such a proper manner of making a communication, he had ordered it thrown overboard. This interpreter then left the ship, and we got underway and stood into the harbor. While going in we met the interpreter in his boat, and he informed the captain that “permission had been given for the ship to anchor where she pleased.” We anchored in sight of the city of Nagasaki, about two miles distant. We could see at anchor, three large Chinese junks, with a large number of Japanese junks, and with a glass the Dutch flag on the island of Desima. As soon as we were anchored about twenty boats bearing the small blue flag before mentioned came and anchored about us. Besides these, we were soon surrounded by large numbers of other boats, each containing many Japanese, who appeared to gaze at the ship with great curiosity.

At 4 p. m., two Japanese officers of rank attended by the interpreter and a suite of about thirty gentlemen came on board.—They stated that they were sent by the Governor of Nagasaki to learn why the Preble had come to Japan. Captain Glynn

replied that he was sent to procure sixteen shipwrecked American seamen. The officers said they would report this answer to the Governor. They left, to be copied, the three papers which had been thrown on board the ship in the morning and required a promise that their injunctions would be complied with. I have procured a copy of these papers, The originals were written in English and French. I understand that copies of these papers (except those parts which refer particularly to the port of Nagasaki) are kept ready, everywhere on the coast of Japan, to be put on board foreign vessels approaching. We were about three miles inside the Northern Cavallos, when these papers were put first on board.

These officers and all the persons with them, wore each two swords, which is said to be a sign, in Japan, that the wearer is a *gentleman*. The officers themselves were distinguished from the other Japanese, by the superior richness and length of their swords. All the Japanese were dressed in a loose sort of gown, with light upper covering, a piece of silk or cotton, cast loosely around the legs, fastened to the waist, and straw sandals with blue cotton socks, such as were brought to Honolulu in the “Otaheite,” in the fall of 1847. The *petticoat-trousers* of the officers were of richer materials than those of their attendants.

Every available spot of land we saw about Nagasaki was under a high state of cultivation. By the mode of *terracing* peculiar to the Chinese and Japanese, every hill was cultivated to its very top, and we saw wheat growing half way up the highest, rockiest mountains.

The boats we saw were all moved with sculls, no oars being used. Each boat carried two or more flags. We often saw processions of boats moving from one part of the bay to another, which were all painted alike and carried the same kind of flag. At night each boat hoisted two lanterns, one at the bow, and another at the stern. Besides these, numerous

lights, regularly disposed in rows, were seen burning on shore during the whole night. A gentleman of the Dutch factory told us that these lights were kept burning only during our stay in the harbor. We think that they were no doubt intended to represent lights seen through the ports of extensive fortifications. We were led to think thus from seeing in the day time, in the same place where the lights burned through the night, long rows of canvass stretched along and painted so as to represent forts.

On the 19th of April, Captain Glynn wrote in English to the governor of Nagasaki requesting the release of the shipwrecked seamen.

The boatswain, in one of the ship's boats, went out in the morning to "square yards," a duty which is performed on board a man-of-war every day while lying in port. Several of the guard boats gathered around him, stopping him from going out as far as he wished, and making signs for the boat to return to the ship. An under interpreter shortly afterwards came on board and remonstrated against any boat leaving the ship, saying it "was no good, not Japanese custom." He got no satisfaction, and the boat afterwards went out in the mornings, without being molested, although several of the guard boats invariably followed.

During the 20th and 21st, nothing was heard from the Japanese authorities. We counted twenty-seven guns on four forts on the heights overlooking the ship, most of which had been mounted since our arrival. We also, on the 21st, noticed the arrival of numerous boats from the seaward.

April 23.—This morning Captain Glynn sent for the interpreter to know why he had not received an answer to his letters to the Governor. The interpreter said that he would report this question. In the afternoon two Japanese officers came on board, and to them the Captain reported his question. They replied, that they did not know. On being asked when the

Governor would do so, they made the same answer.

Capt. Glynn then assumed a firm and positive manner, and told them, that *to-morrow* he must have a positive answer as to *when* his letters would be replied to, or when the men would be delivered up, if at all.

The day after our arrival, Capt. Glynn had put up a quantity of the latest newspapers he could procure for Mr. Levyssohn, the Superintendent of the Dutch Factory—to whom from his isolated position and restricted means of procuring intelligence from other parts of the world, they must be particularly acceptable—and had written him a note, requesting his acceptance of them. At that time the interpreter had refused to take them on shore, saying that he could not do so without the Governor's permission. This day he said he would take them, but wanted a copy of the note, which Capt. Glynn indignantly refused to give, saying that the matter was of no consequence, and that he could either take the note as it was, or leave both it and the papers. He finally took them.

On the afternoon of the 25th, two officers and the interpreter came on board the ship. After much talking and a great deal of evasion, they finally said, that in two days more the Dutch Superintendent would come on board, and the day after, the men should be delivered up. The Captain, without doubt, hastened their conclusions, by telling them that he *must* be immediately informed whether the men would be given up, or the ship would leave the bay without delay.

April 25th This afternoon two officers and the interpreter came on board. After they had got into the cabin, they stated that Mr. Levyssohn was sick, and had been unable to leave Desima; but one of his assistants had come in his place, and was waiting in the boat alongside. Capt. Glynn immediately ordered the officer of the deck to ask the Dutch gentleman aboard.

The interpreter, however, interfered, and told the Captain that the gentleman could not leave the boat without the permission of the Japanese officers—who accordingly sent a person to tell the Dutchman that he could come on board.

Mr. Bassle, the Dutch gentleman, proceeded to read and verbally translate a document presented by the Japanese officers, written in Japanese Dutch; which gave a brief history of the imprisoned Americans since their first arrival in Japan until the present time. This account stated that the party of fifteen men had landed at Matsmai on the 8th of June; that they were immediately taken in charge by the Japanese authorities, and were finally sent from Matsmai to Nagasaki. Several of them had at different times, broken out of the house in which they were confined. One white man, named Ezra Goldthwait, had died in prison of fever, and a Sandwich Islander, named Maui, had committed suicide by cutting his throat. We were pleased to hear Macdonald's name numbered among the surviving fourteen men. Mr. Bassle informed us that but five Dutch are allowed to live at Desima. The number allowed in 1839 was eleven.

April 26. Two Japanese officers, accompanied by the interpreter and two Dutch gentlemen, came on board in the afternoon to deliver up the men. According to the Japanese custom, the men had been given to the Dutch Superintendent, Mr. Levyssohn, who was to deliver them on board the ship.

Before the men came on board, the Japanese officers asked Capt. Glynn if he was ready and would leave the harbor as soon as he had got the men. The Captain replied that he had nothing more to detain him after he had got his countrymen. Mr. Bassle then read and translated two documents which the Japanese officers had brought on board. One of them purported to be an extract from the Japanese laws, the substance of which was, that ship wrecked seamen who were

cast upon the shores of Japan, would remain in Japan, and be treated well, and sent, by the first opportunity, to Batavia in the Dutch ship, or to China in one of the Chinese junks. The documents recommended that American vessels should not come so near the coasts of Japan.

The Japanese officers having left the ship, the men were brought on board. They all looked pale and thin, probably from long confinement. The boats in which they came to Japan, four in number, were brought alongside the ship. Their sheets and bags of clothing, and the oars, harpoons, and other whaling gear of the boats, were also brought on board.

By their own account, the men appear to have been very well treated before any of them attempted to escape from confinement.—After that, they were put in the common Japanese prison, where they suffered greatly from want of clothing and by cold. Macdonald does not complain of ill treatment.

Each man was forced to trample upon a crucifix, to show that he was not a Catholic. Some of them endeavored to avoid stepping upon the crucifix, but the Japanese forced them to do so.

The Japanese interpreter 'Morreama,' told me that he acted as interpreter between Capt. Cooper of the Manhattan and the Japanese authorities at Yedo.

We sailed from Nagasaki on the morning of the 27th of April.

The depositions of the men have been taken, and much valuable information about Japan has been procured, all of which will no doubt ultimately be laid before the public and cannot fail to prove extremely interesting.

H.

We are ruined, not by what we want, but by what we think we do. Therefore, never go abroad in search of your wants;—if they be real wants, they will come home in search of you; for he that buys what he does not want will soon want what he cannot buy.

Architecture of the Eye.

BY FRANK H. HAMILTON, M. D.

HEAR with what swelling words of vanity man proclaims the majesty of his intellect, and the might of his single arm! The "cunning artisan" shall do it, and man shall be lifted to everlasting honor! The clay has laughed to scorn the skill of the potter; the creature, offspring of yesterday, has defied his Creator, whose being is eternity!

Go to, thou boaster! make ready! for the God of nature accepts the challenge, and demands the trial. No space is left whereon to build another universe; but the eye is a little and familiar thing, which an inch will more than span. Upon this "inch" let the wager be laid, and all earth shall stand umpire, while our hopes of a final resurrection and a blessed immortality we plight against the bold adventure.

Build first the walls of defense, the socket, the cheek, and the nasal bones, and the projecting arch above, which shall guard the eye from external violence. Plant the eyebrows in just proportion and arrangement, like tiles so overlapping, and of such exact form and length, as that the acrid perspiration which distils from the brows shall be turned upon the open temples; dye them with some dark pigment; and for those who dwell under the vertical rays of a tropical sun, give a darker hue. Attach a muscle of the curious workmanship in mould and fixture, as that at your bidding its thousand fibres shall contract and depress the overhanging thatch.

Work now the lids, of materials soft and pliant; adapt them accurately each to the other, and to the smooth convexity of the eye. Place also the cords which, moved by the intellectual actor behind, shall enable him to raise the curtains, and, looking forth, read in the face of his auditors applause or censure; to be again dropped when

the performer needs repose, or when the last great drama is wound up.

Dig a fountain above the outer angle of the lids, where, fed by perennial streams, it shall overflow and wash the adjacent plain. From the fountain draw ten thousand secret wires to the surface of the eye, so watchful and obedient as that, when touched by the smallest mote, they shall suddenly spring the tearful gates, and bear off the offending particle. Let it also be to the mind a safety-valve, to be lifted when pleasure or pain moves the soul to excess; the closure of which, when the passions are in hot ebullition, shall produce disorganization and permanent derangement of the brain.

Excavate at the inner angle a shelving lake, and throw up from its base a rocky islet, well covered with brambles and an oily exudation, designed, when the waters are agitated and cast upon its shores, by the action of the lids, to catch and retain such particles as would obstruct its narrow outlet.

This outlet build of cement finer than purest porcelain, and of capillary dimensions, to absorb the fluids which approach its mouth; endow it with a consciousness of its office and importance; make it irritable and impatient of insult, that when provoked it shall bar its entrance and refuse admission to all, until its tiny wrath is fully appeased.

Arrange along the slender border of each lid minute sacs, stored with unctuous matter, which shall constantly pour their contents from narrow mouths, as oil is laid upon the edge of the brimming bowl to prevent its overflow. Still farther, plant outside of these a double row of lashes, that when the lids are nearly closed they shall, by interlacement, effectually exclude all particles of dust, yet admit the light.

Ah! it is a weary and vexatious task for such unpracticed hands! Then rest awhile; for this *inch* of creation, which at first seemed unworthy an artist's hour, is scarce begun! You have raised the walls

and built its towers; the gates are hung; you have dug the fountains and the waterpools; you have sheltered all from baneful dews and the scorching sun; but of the beautiful temple within, not a stone is laid nor a timber hewn.

Now mix your ores. Buy silver, gold, platinum, iron, lead, and brass; gather here all your metals, rare and costly, of all degrees of consistency, and strength, and malleability; and when you have carefully selected, fuse them together, and from your crucible mould a crystal like the *cornea*, transparent, tenacious, flexible, smooth, and polished, with the exact convexity and density necessary to a proper refraction and convergence of the rays of light.

Next form of opaque and stronger materials a case, in which the beveled edge of the *cornea*, shall be received, like an optician's lens. Within this globe thus constructed, pour fluids of different densities, as in the perfect achromatic telescope, to combine the rays, and prevent the imperfection of colors.

In the anterior chamber of the eye, let the fluid be thin and pellucid, and inclosed in a fine, transparent capsule, while the posterior chamber must be filled with a more consistent material, like melted glass, and divided into a multitude of minute cellules, by intersecting septa. Between these two place a double convex lens, of perfect form, its posterior surface the arc of a lesser circle than its anterior. Construct the lens of radiating and concentric fibres, the inner laminae dense, the outer soft and pulpy. The whole invest with a delicate capsule.

Now mark! if you err in any point, with all these lenses and humors, if there be one minim of fluid too much, or if the lens be one line too convex, or its structure one grain too dense, or relative proportion of each be changed one fraction, all your labor is vain. You may as well expect with imperfect rules to ascertain eclipses, or the course and return of the eccentric comet.

Be not faint and discouraged; for, remember, the road to fame was never a "swift highway," but always sadly rough and wearisome, and covered with difficulties thick as rocks upon the mountain sides. Yet it is cheering to know that the diamonds in your crown shall be numbered by the obstacles you have encountered and overcome.

Gird on, for another is before you. But lest your laboring senses rebel at being overtaken, and suddenly depart, leaving your skull an empty cobbler's shop, and this curious work, so well begun, half wrought you shall invite fresh aid,

Call the shrewd mechanic and cunning artisan; ask counsel of the learned, the mathematician, the geometrician, the chemist; invoke the mysterious science of the Rosicrucian, the sorcerer, and the magician. From all demand knowledge how to weave an *iris*, the *inner curtain*, with its changing *pupil*, formed of circular and diverging fibres, and floating freely in the fluid of the anterior chamber, prompt to dilate when the nerve of vision demands more light, and as prompt to contract when the light is too intense; never moved or excited by the direct infringement of the luminous rays upon its own fibres, but ever faithful and obedient to the calls of the *retina*; and so made that, through the threescore years and ten that it shall serve, watching the while, both night and day, with attentive care, every cloud and shade of the inconsistent light, not a string shall loosen nor a thread need repair.

The *retina* form of finest texture, and spread it broad within the back of the eye, like the white canvass of the camera obscura. To absorb the rays and prevent their reflection after they have impinged upon the *retina*, line its posterior surface with a paint which light, however long it may act upon it, shall never fade—an art in coloring not yet attained.

Supply the whole eye with nerves, arteries, veins, and absorbents, for the purposes of growth and reparation; place it upon a nicely adjusted axis,

and give the power of motion and rotation in every conceivable direction; and last, bestow the strange and hitherto inimitable power of adapting its vision to different distances, without any perceptible change in the form of the organ.

Have you done? And does your careful eye detect no flaw or fissure, no failure or imperfection? Hold it up! It is beautiful and wondrous indeed! But one thing more, and the pledge is yours—*now make it see!* “for truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun.”

Let it at one glance receive and recognize the extended landscape with all its varieties of feature and color, and distance; the valley, and mountain with its hoary locks; the forest and the rich harvest fields; the meadow, the pearly lake, the rippling, ever-babbling brook, the village—

“Dim descried in the distant plain,”

the clouds—airy messengers, which come and go in ceaseless procession, like spirits sent from heaven on hasty errands.

Animate it with life, intelligence, sentiment, and passion, make it the door and window of the soul, through which “all without may look in, and all within may look out”—

“The gay recess of wisdom and of wit,
And passions’ host that never brooked control.”

In sorrow let it be dimmed and sad; in terror, wild and restless. But to the eye of the angry man, give fire; let a savage brightness shoot from its dark and stormy surface, like lightning amid the blackness of a tempest; and when despair seizes the soul, knit the brows convulsively, and fix the eye in a fierce and sullen glare.

Imprint, also, the finer sentiments. In joy, teach it to sparkle and with a mild and radiant light; in love and deep affection, to glow with a warm and melting softness. Here paint innocence and modesty with a sweet and lovely harmony, such as angels look. Benevolence, kindness, charity, patience—the choicest virtues—all holy passions

and unholy, both good and evil, must be here depicted; and give it not the blank look of your dumb automaton, until death approaches.

“All flesh must perish;” and as the soul loosens from its mysterious connection, fasten the sightless ball in the gaze of insensibility, and let a cold dampness distil from its surface to dim its lustre. Lighten it a moment with a celestial splendor, as if to announce the spirit’s departure; then let its brightness cease forever! Oh, foolish man! How vain are all your boastings, and how dwindled your greatness, when compared with Him “who laid the deep foundations of the earth, and spread the heavens abroad!”

* * * * *

Thou hast listened to the song of a siren, and it was the song of Lucifer, “bright son of the morning,” who warring for the throne and sceptre of God, was hurled from the battlements of heaven. Thou hast listened until thine own harp is attuned with most discordant strains; and thy erring feet have been lured to almost where the portals of eternal night shut out the day.

But a new harp is struck, and another song comes gathering upon the air: it is the song of Nature.—From the woodlands and the heath, from hill-top and sequestered dell, it comes, and it saith, “There is a God!” It is heard in the rustling of the forest leaves, in the warbling of the morning birds, in the whispers of the evening breeze, in the “warm hum of the insects by the side of the babbling brook,” in the waterfall, in the rushing of the tempest, and the hollow murmur of the ocean tide; and in all it saith, “There is a God!” It speaks in the booming thunder, and is echoed by the broad mountain-side—From all around, above, beneath, a choral anthem is raised, and the voice of every thing is heard to say, in harmonious melody, “There is a God, the Maker and Ruler of all things.”
Western Literary Messenger.

NAVAL JOURNAL.

Baltimore Clippers.

BY HAWSER MARTINGALE.

The pilot boats belonging to Baltimore and other ports of the Chesapeake, have ever been celebrated for their sailing qualities, and especially for their ability to beat to windward, and vessels of larger size than the pilot boats, even reaching to the capacity of upwards of three hundred tons, but built according to the "pilot boat" model, were for many years regarded as the swiftest class of sailing vessels, especially in light or moderate winds, that have been built in any country at any period. At what particular time the merits of this model became known, it may perhaps be difficult to ascertain; but as early as the year 1809, the term "Baltimore clippers," as applied to schooners and brigs of a particular model, built in Baltimore, was a familiar term—and numbers of them were sold to individuals belonging to the belligerent powers of that time and commissioned as privateers; others were purchased for slavers, and during the wars carried on by Spain and Portugal with their provinces in South America, the Baltimore-built private-armed vessels made a conspicuous figure, to the great detriment of the commerce of those European nations, which was terribly cut up by vessels and men, in some cases actually belonging to a nation which held out to them the olive branch of peace!

I happened to be in some ports of the West Indies in the year 1810, and there was much talk in the islands of a French privateer schooner of the genuine Baltimore pilot boat model, called *La Superior*. This privateer was commanded by a re-

markably able and energetic Frenchman, who took a singular pleasure in inflicting injuries on the British commerce in those seas; indeed, the amount of British property he destroyed was enormous. The privateer, which was fitted out at St. Pierre in Martinico, was said to have been the fastest sailing vessel ever known among the windward islands; and her commander laughed to scorn the repeated attempts made to capture him by the finest vessels in the English navy. Indeed, the *Superior* seemed to be almost ubiquitous—one day she would be seen hovering off the Island of Antigua, and after pouncing upon some unfortunate English ship, would take out the valuables and specie, if any on board transfer the officers and crew to a drogher bound into the harbor, and then scuttle the vessel. On the day following, a ship would be seen on fire off Montserrat or St. Kitts, which on inquiry would prove to be an English merchantman captured and destroyed by *La Superior*—and perhaps a few days afterwards she would be pursuing a similar career on the shores of Barbadoes, far to windward, or levying contributions from the planters on the coast of Grenada or Trinidad.

This privateer, *La Superior*, was to the Englishmen, the terror of those seas. Indeed her sailing qualities were a marvel to all old salts—and many an honest man, who had never heard of a "Baltimore pilot boat built" craft, was sorely puzzled to account for the success of this privateer in avoiding the many traps which had been set for her by the long-headed British officers on that station. With many, the conclusion finally arrived at was that the Captain of the privateer had unlawful deal-

ings with the great enemy of mankind, and for the malignant pleasure of annoying the English, and the gratification of filling his pockets with the spoils of the most persevering and redoubtable enemies of France, he had signed away his soul.

Even the company of men-of-war seemed to be no effectual protection against capture by this privateer. A fleet of merchantmen conveyed by several armed ships would be intruded upon during the darkness of night, and one or more ships would be captured without any alarm, rifled and scuttled or burnt, without any apparent extra exertion whatever. Indeed on one occasion, after great efforts had been made to capture the *Superior*, and it was believed she had been driven from among the islands, a homeward bound fleet of merchantmen, on the first night after leaving Antigua bound to the English Channel, was approached by this privateer, and in the course of little more than an hour, three different ships in different stations of the squadron had been captured, plundered and fired by that indefatigable enemy of the English!

At last, one after another, every French port in the West India Islands was captured by the British, and there was no longer a nook belonging to France in those islands to which this privateer could resort for protection, safety, supplies or repairs. It was furthermore rumored that this vessel was not regularly commissioned as a privateer, and that if she should ever happen to be captured by an English man of war, the officers and crew, to a man, and the Captain more especially, would be hanged at the yard arm, as *pirates*, without any very formal process of law. The privateer, too, was by this time well laden with the spoils of the enemy, having on board as was reported, in silks, specie, gems, jewelry, and bullion, property to the amount of nearly a million of dollars. And one fine morning the Captain of the British sloop of war *Ringdove*, which was then cruising between Nevis and St. Bartholemew was actually astonished at beholding

the *Superior*—that “rascally French Privateer”—for she was as well known, in those seas, as the flying Dutchman is off the Cape of Good Hope—came down from the windward side of St. Bartholomew under easy sail pass round the southern point of the island, hoist the tri-colored flags as if by way of derision, and boldly enter the harbor of this island, belonging to the Swedish government, and at that time, of course, a neutral port!

It was not many hours, before the *Ringdove*, having hauled her wind, was off the harbor, lying off and on, and the Captain, in “full rig,” his mouth filled with menaces and denunciations of British vengeance, and his knowledge-box well crammed with the sayings of Vattel, Grotius, Puffendorf, and other venerable worthies on the rights of nations and liabilities of neutral powers, was going ashore in a state of great excitement. But when he reached the landing, he found to his utter disappointment and confusion only the hull, with the spars and rigging of the privateer, left. The Captain, officers and crew, generally, had already disappeared, and had carried with them the lion’s share of the spoils! The Captain was not afterwards seen, but it was said a few days afterwards he left St. Bartholomew for the United States under an assumed name, whence he subsequently proceeded to France with an immense amount of property which the fortune of war had transferred from British subjects to his own pockets. The schooner was hauled up to the head of the *canash*, and on examination it was found that every part of the vessel had been so strained by carrying sail, and that so much damage had been caused to her planks and timbers by worms, that she was good for nothing. The spars, sails and rigging were sold, but the hull, which soon filled with water, remained there for years, and was greatly admired by every genuine sailor as the most perfect model of a fast-sailing vessel that could be devised by the ingenuity of man.—*Boston Daily Journal*.

Heroic Achievement.

The following affecting narrative, which appears in the *Memoirs of Dr. Chalmers*, recently published, will be read by many of our readers with much interest. The chief actor, it will be seen, was Mr. John Honey, father of the present respected minister of Inchtute, and of J. M. Honey, Esq., writer. Perth;

“One fearful day, the intelligence circulated through St. Andrews, that a vessel had been driven on a sand-bank in the bay to the eastward of the town. A crowd of sailors, citizens and students soon collected upon the beach; for the vessel had been cast ashore but a few hundred yards from the houses, and she lay so near that, though the heavy air was darkened by the driving sleet, they could see, at intervals, the figures of the crew clinging to rope or spar, ere each breaker burst upon her side, and shrouded all in surfy mist and darkness. In a calm sea a few vigorous strokes would have carried a good swimmer to the vessel's side; but now the hardest fisherman drew back, and dared not face the fearful surge. At last a student of divinity volunteered. Tying a rope round his waist, and struggling through the surf, he threw himself among the waves, forcing his slow way through the raging element, he was nearing the vessel's side, when his friends on shore, alarmed at the length of time and the slow rate of recent progress, began to pull him back.—Seizing a knife, which he carried between his teeth, he cut the rope away, and reaching at last the stranded sloop, drew a fresh one from her to the shore; but hungry, weak and wearied, after four days' foodless tossing through the tempest, not one of the crew had courage or strength left to use it. He again rushed into the waves—he boarded the vessel—he took them man by man, and bore them to the land. Six men were rescued thus. His seventh charge was a boy, so helpless that twice was the hold let go, and twice had he to dive after him into the deep. Meanwhile, in

breathless stillness, the crowd had watched each perilous passage, till the double figure was seen tossing landward through the spray. But when the deed was done, and the whole crew saved, a loud cheer of admiring triumph arose around the gallant youth. This chivalric action was performed by Mr. John Honey, one of Mr. Chalmers' early and cherished college friends, afterwards ordained as minister of Bendochy, in Perthshire. Though his great strength and courage bore him apparently untired through the efforts of that exhausting day, there was reason to believe that in saving the lives of others, he had sacrificed his own. The seeds of a deceitful malady were sown, which afterwards proved fatal. Mr. Chalmers was asked, and consented to preach his funeral sermon on the 30th of October, 1814, the Sabbath after the funeral.”

The Folly of Pride.

The very witty and sarcastic Rev. Sidney Smith, thus discourseth:

“After all, take some quiet, sober moment of life, and add together the two ideas of pride and man; behold him a creature of a span high, stalking through infinite space in all the grandeur of littleness. Perched on a speck of the universe, every wind of heaven strikes into his blood the coldness of death; his soul floats from his body like melody from the string; day and night, as dust on the wheel, he is rolled along the heavens through a labyrinth of worlds, and all beneath the creation of God are flaming above and beneath. Is this a creature to make himself a crown of glory; to deny his own flesh, to mock at his fellow sprung from that dust to which both will soon return? Does he not suffer? Does he not die? When he reasons is he never stopped by difficulties? When he acts is he never tempted by pleasure? When he lives is he free from pain? When he dies can he escape the common grave? Pride is not the heritage of man: humility should dwell with frailty, and atone for ignorance, error, and imperfection.”

POETRY.

Gie Me Thy Blessing, Mither.

BY GRETA.

"Gie me thy blessing mither,
For I must now away,
To meet my bonnie Agnes, mither,
Upon her bridal day.
I've loved her lang and weel, mither,
And thou my luvie hast known;
Then lay thy hand upon me, mither,
And bless thy kneeling son."

"Ah! Willie, how my heart o'erflows
When thus I hear thee speak;
My tears are glistening on thy hair,
And dropping on thy cheek.
And oh! how memory calls up now
The days of auld lang syne,
When I a winsome bride first called
Thy sainted father mine."

"Ye look sae like him, Willie dear,
Ye look sae like him now;
Ye hae the same dark, tender een,
The same broad, noble brow.
And sic a smile was on his face
When he that morning came,
To bring awa, as ye maun do,
A lassie to his hame."

"Puir child, her heart is beating now,
As it never beat before;
Puir child, I ken her hazel een
Wi' tears are running o'er.
She loves thee, Willie, but she feels
To wed's a solemn thing—
I weel remember how I felt,
When looking on the ring."

"I weel remember, too, the hour
When, wi' a heavy sigh,
I turned, a wife so young and sad,
To bid them a' good bye.
The tears were gushing then, I know,
"For I loved my kindred weel,
And though my ain was by my side,
I could na' help but feel."

"But then, how kind he took my hand,
And gently whispered—come,
The same soft star shines o'er my cot
'That shines above thy home.'
And Willie, aften, since he's dead,
I've watched that distant star,
And thought I saw his gentle face
Smile in it from afar."

"We loved ilk ither weel, Willie,
We loved ilk ither lang;
Ah me! how happy was the heart
That thrilled the even sang.
We loved ilk ither, Willie, right;
And may God grant it so
That ye maun luvie as we twa loved,
In days lang, lang ago."

"Oh! fondly cherish her, Willie,
She is sae young and fair;

She has not known a single cloud,
Or felt a single care
Then, if a cauld world's storm should
come,
Thy way to overcast—
Oh! ever stand (thou art a man)
Between her and the blast."

"When first I knew a mither's pride,
Twas when I gazed on thee;
And when my ither flowers died,
Thy smile was left to me.
And I can scarce believe it true,
So late thy life began,
The playful bairn I fondled then
Stands by me now a Man."

"Then tell thy bonnie bride, Willie,
She has my first born son;
I tak' the darling from my arms,
And gie him to her own.
Oh! she will cherish thee, Willie;
For when I maun depart,
She, only she, will then be left
To fill thy lonely heart."

"I dinna fear to die, Willie,
I ever wished to gang;
The soft green mound in yon kirk-yard
Has lanely been too lang.
And I would lay me there, Willie,
And a' Death's terrors brave,
Beside the heart sae leal and true,
If 'tis within the grave."

"Then gang awa', my blessed bairn,
And bring thy gentle dove,
And dinna frown if a' should greet
To part wi' her they love,
But if a tear fills up her ee,
Then whisper, as they part,
"There's room for thee at mither's hearth—
There's room in mither's heart."

"And may the God that reigns above,
And sees ye a' the while,
Look down upon your plighted troth,
And bless ye wi' His smile.
And may'st thou ne'er forget, Willie,
In a' thy future life,
To serve the Power that gave to thee
Thy kind and guileless Wife."

FAREWELL.

We do not know how much we love
Until we come to leave;
An aged tree, a common flower,
Are things o'er which we grieve.
There is a pleasure in the pain
That brings us back the past again."

We linger while we turn away,
We cling while we depart;
And memories, unmarked till then,
Come crowding round the heart.
Let what will turn our onward way
Farewell's a bitter word to say."

NEW YORK, AUGUST, 1850.

Seamen's Bank for Savings, N.Y.

The first measures for the moral improvement of Seamen were adopted in the year 1817, and the first important act was the erection of the Mariner's Church, Roosevelt Street. The members of the Port Society of New York, when they erected the Mariner's Church, contemplated the adoption of other measures for the benefit of Seamen, among which were the Sailor's Home, and the Seamen's Bank for Savings.

In the process of time the American Seamen's Friend Society was formed, and its directors were taken chiefly from the circle of gentlemen who had been active in the Port Society. Under the patronage of this Society the Seamen's Bank for Savings was instituted in 1829.

It had to encounter much prejudice and opposition, in this respect sharing the fate of all institutions which have been formed for the benefit of this valuable class of men. In the course however of the first ten years of its existence these prejudices became subdued, and at the present time the Bank is in a most flourishing and prosperous state.

The total amount of deposits in the Bank at this time is over \$4,000,000. And of this, more than \$1,000,000 belongs to Seamen, and sea-faring people and their connections. To have asserted the possibility of such a fact twenty years ago, a man would have been regarded out of his senses.

This Bank is managed at very little expense—less, perhaps, than any other institution of the kind in this country controlling so large an amount of funds.

Its investments are about one-half

in bonds and mortgages, and one-half in stocks. The stock investments of the Bank are limited to the stock of the United States, New York State, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and New York city. The Bank thus far has divided 6 per cent. on amounts under \$1,000, and 5 per cent. on amounts over \$1,000, and has a handsome surplus to cover accidental losses. It is interesting to observe the variety of depositors who place their money in Bank. The Danish and Swedish seem to be more careful in this respect than those of any other nation. After sailing a few years from the ports of the United States, they return to their native country, and take with them their accumulations, which they find have been kept safely for them in Bank, and repaid them with interest.

A Sensible Note.

JUNE 19, 1850.

To the Treasurer of the American Seamen's Friend Society:—

Enclosed, I send one dollar, to be used in purchasing a Bible, to be given to some destitute sailor, as Providence shall direct.

This is given, in consequence of a brother of mine, a sailor's having received a Bible, when he was absent from home. I do not know that it was from your Society—but it appears to me but just—for those who receive favors from benevolent societies, either in themselves, or their friends, if they are able, to make some return, lest they deprive the poor and needy of treasures richer than the mines of California. Oh! that men would learn in what true riches consist! May your Society be prospered, and may the abundance of the sea soon be converted unto God!

A FRIEND TO SEAMEN.

Swedish Sailor Missionary, Report.

After an uncommonly long lapse of time, since you heard from me, I will now briefly give an account of the most important occurrences during the last six months.

Notwithstanding this state, of thngs I have partly on board the vessels, partly at my own lodgings, spoken as well to the sailors as to others from the Word of God, called their attention to the ruin which prevails among them, and the danger of their souls, and the necessity of a change heart and life for every one, but particularly for them. At my lodgings I have had meetings twice a week. There other more gifted and experienced speakers than I am, have several times spoken, and all this has not been fruitless. But alas! too few sailors have attended these meetings. But many others have there begun to consider the necessity of the salvation of their souls, yes even found Him who is dear to their hearts. From among these I will mention some.

A young man about twenty years of age, came once to one of my meetings when I tried to hold forth how terrible is the judgment of God which rests upon all the unconverted. He listened with great attention and appeared to remark every word, but when the reading was finished, I thought of going up to the stranger and speaking to him. My first words were this question: "*Friend do you believe in the Son of God?*" He was offended, but still this question struck him to the heart; it was repeated continually within him. He went home and thought: "Believe in the Son God, what is that? How shall I understand that?" However from that moment he got no rest in sin; his greatest wish was to know what it was, what it meant, to believe in the Son of God. He came back not long after, and wished then to hear more, and said: "Now it is my greatest anxiety to have my soul saved, saved from death and condemnation." The words of the Gospel were held forth; our Saviour Jesus Christ was pointed to, and he seemed

also to comprehend His word. I did not find after that, any thing but a serious and a sincere mind in this man. He sacrificed great temporal advantages for the Lord and for the tranquillity of his conscience. Yes, he has renounced great privileges for the hallowing of the Sabbath, and suffered much calumny from his impious companions, but in all this he has showed much firmness; he has now left this place.

May the Lord keep him steadfast in the faith to the end for the sake of Christ!

Another person, a travelling peasant, from the middle part of Sweden, came by chance once, a little before the meeting at my lodgings. He was exhorted to remain for the meeting, and complied with the exhortation: the Word touched him for the first time very deeply. He was there five times in all, and every time he felt more and more his sinfulness, and the free grace in Christ Jesus; in a word he was loosed from sin through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. After this he uttered among other these words; "I have now heard that my many and great sins are laid upon Jesus Christ; I came to Stockholm with my sins but when I now hear that they are laid upon Jesus Christ, I neither will nor can take them with me back to Wingaher. (This is the name of the parish where he lives.) He was happy and returned to his wife and children, who lived in sinful security, which grieved him very much in the midst of his happiness. He will now perhaps become an instrument in the hand of God, to save his wife, children and relatives from condemnation and death.

Blessed and praised be the name of the Lord for ever! With another, a young servant maid who for a long time has labored under the law, a most wonderful change took place about the end of February last. It was granted her by the light of the Gospel, to behold the free grace of God in Christ, and in faith apply it to herself. At this she rejoiced and almost triumphantly sung the praise of the Lord who has bought her.

ACCOUNT OF MONEYS.

From June 15th to July 15th, 1850.

Directors for Life by the Payment of Fifty Dollars.

General Zachary Taylor, President of the United States, by a New-York Merchant, (am't acknowl'd below.)	
Rev. Wm. C. White, First Presbyterian Church, Orange, N. J., (in part.)	\$33 00
Rev. George Schenck, by Ref. Dutch church, Bedminster, N. J., (balance.)	32 38

Members for Life by the Payment of Twenty Dollars.

Rev. C. K. Colver, by Baptist Chs., Worcester, Mass.	26 00
Rev. J. F. Calkins, Wellsboro, Pa., by A. G. Phelps, N. Y., (am't acknowledged below.)	
Richard Bigelow, N. Y., (am't acknowledged below.)	
George B. De Forest, N. Y., (am't acknowledged below.)	
Arthur Bronson, N. Y., by his mother, do., do.,	
Benjamin F. Bruce, Lenox, Mass., by Dr. N. Hall, (bal.)	10 00
Rev. D. H. Allen, D. D., Walnut Hills, Ohio, by Mrs. and Miss Overaker.	20 00
Lee Chaffin, by Cong'l Soc., Hopkinton, Mass., (in part.)	15 50
Dr. L. S. Scammell, do. do.,	15 50
Rev. D. Sewall, by his Cong. Castine, Me., (balance.)	6 87
Miss Mercy D. Benton, Hudson, N. Y.,	20 00
Caleb S. Loper, by monthly concert at Pres. Church, Shelter Island.	20 00
Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, Hartford, Ct., by her son, And'w. M. Sigourney, lately dec.,	20 00
Mrs. Nathan B. Blake, by Ladies' Bethel Society, Newburyport, Mass.,	20 00
Rev. James P. Terrey, by his Society, South Weymouth,	20 00

Donations.

From Second Pres. Church, Newark, N. J.,	82 00
From Union Cong'l Society, Worcester Mass.,	67 52
From Salem-street do do	32 75

From Pres. Church, Mercer-street, N. Y., (including subscriptions,) \$416,22	
For Mariner's Ch., N. Y.,	143,11 273 11
From a Friend in Providence, R. I., for bibles for seamen,	1 00
From Second Pres. Church, Orange, N. J.,	52 25
From a Friend, Holden, Ms.,	1 00
From Miss C. Bullock, Roy-alston, Mass.,	5 00
From William H. Hawley, Plainfield, Mass.,	2 00
From Easthampton, Mass.,	38 87
From Cong'l Society, Wallingford, Ct.,	18 00
From Rev. J. P. Knox, St. Thomas, W. I.,	5 00
From Friends,	5 14
From North Cong'l Society, Hartford, Ct.,	143 30
From Cong'l Society, East Hartford, Ct.,	58 12
From Ladies' S. F. Society, Hartford, Ct.,	60 00
From Mrs. and Miss S. Whiting, Hartford Ct.,	4 00
From Capt. T. M. Allen,	5 00
From a Friend,	50
From Mrs. Arnold and daughter, First Bap. Ch., Prov., R. I.,	65,00
Through Miss Purkess, of do.,	35,25 100 25
From Richmond-st., Cong'l Society, Prov., through Dea. T. Salisbury,	54 25
Through Mrs. Dr. Cleveland, of Ben. Congregational Society,	22 50
Through Miss Colt, of Methodist Ep. Church,	11 00
Through Rev. W. J. Breed, High-st. Congregational Society,	22 42
From Third Bap. Ch., Prov., (balance,)	75
From Judah Baldwin, N. Y.,	5 00
From Miss S. Waldo, of Central ch., Worcester, Mass.,	100 00
From Mrs. E. Salisbury, do.,	100 00
From the Congregation, do.,	85 61
From Cong'l Soc., Weathersfield, Ct.,	103 60
From Ladies Asso., Edward's Church, Northampton, Mass.,	21 47
From Brick Ch., New York, \$115 04	
Half for Mariner's Ch., N. Y.,	57 52
From Pres. Ch., Woodbridge, N. J.,	8 00
From Ladies S. F. Sec., W. Brookfield, Mass.,	2 00
From Cong'l Soc., Paxton, do.,	12 00
From Benevolent Soc., Enfield, do.,	100 00
From Mrs. Kendall, Worcester, do.,	50
From Cong'l Soc., Shrewsbury, Mass.,	40 00
	\$1,960 08

Legacies.

From late Misses Ruth and Mary Patten, of Hartford Ct.,	100 00
From late James Higgins, a Seaman, to be used by the American Seaman's, Friend Society, for the benefit of the Widows and Orphans of Seamen, Capt. E. Richardson, Executor,	247 75